By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heauy wel-aday.
In her vnholy ſeruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*. *Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1.*Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2.*Gent.* No, nor neuer ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1.*Gent.* But to haue diuinity preacht there, did you euer dream of ſuch a thing?

2.*Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1.*Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, ſhe had nere come heere.

Baud. Fie, fie vpon her, ſhe is able to frieze the God *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we muſt eyther get her rauiſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhe would make a puritane of the diuell, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt rauiſh her, or ſhee'l diſfurniſh vs of all our Caualeers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Baud. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boul. We ſhould haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuiſh baggedge would but giue way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now the Gods to bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the better for you, that your ſtand vpon ſound legs, how now? wholeſome impu you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surge

Baud. We haue one heere ſir, if ſhe would——— But there neuer came her like in *Metaline*.

Lyſ. If ſhee'd do the deeds of darknes, thou wouldſt

Baud. Your honour knowes what tis to ſay well enou

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and blood ſir, white and red, you ſ Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed, if ſhe had but———

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renowne of a Baud, no leſ giues a good report to a number to be chaſt.

Enter Marina.

Baud. Heere comes that which growes to the ſtalke, Neuer pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a faire creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerue after a long voyage at ſea, Well, there's for you, leaue vs.

Baud. I beſeech your honour giue me leaue a word, And Ile haue done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Baud. Firſt, I would haue you note, this is an honorab

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I may worthily note

Baud. Next, hee's the Gouernor of this Country, an whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he gouerne the Country, you are bound to h deed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Baud. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, w vſe him kindly? he will line your Apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciouſly, I will thankfully rec

Lyſ. Haue you done?

Baud. My Lord, ſhee's not pac'ſte yet, you muſt take paines to worke her to your mannage, come, wee will lea Honour and her together.

Exit Baud